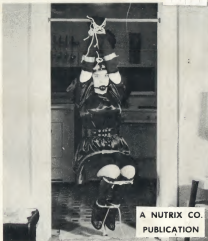


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RUTHLESS TREATMENT OF BOUND SLAVES

**NEW STORY
NEVER OFFERED BEFORE
ILLUSTRATED WITH 35
SPECIALLY POSED
MODEL PHOTOS**

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I had long been a bondage enthusiast, ever since mother had tied me up for being naughty and I never forgot the thrill which I felt in being bound and gagged. This love for bondage had led me to work on the East Coast as a bondage model.

Some of my bondage photographs had come to the attention of famed Madame Fantassta, the well-known editor of "Fetters and Bonds," a popular monthly bondage magazine. This magazine usually featured specially posed photos of models in various arduous and strenuous bondage poses, illustrating unique and bizarre stories of captive girls.

Madame Fantassta had written me a very nice letter, praising my bondage posing and extending to me an invitation to visit her editorial office with reference to doing some bondage posing for "Fetters and Bonds."

I was so thrilled and excited that I wrote back to Madame Fantassta, since I had a two weeks' vacation coming to me, I would take a plane and fly to her New York editorial office to discuss posing for her publication. I was most anxious to see and pose in some of the unique and fantastic bondage apparatus featured

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in the pages of "Fetters and Bonds" each month. When I arrived, however, at the address given to me of the editorial office, I was astonished to find that it was housed in a centuries old castle, perched high on top of a hill.

Obviously, this bizarre atmosphere helped to set the tone and style of the various bondage publications issued each month which were edited by Madame Fantasta. A trifle fearfully yet excited, I entered the castle's editorial offices, where I was warmly greeted by Madame Fantasta herself in the foyer.

She graciously took my hat and coat and suggested a tour of her working quarters before discussing terms for working, so that I could obtain an idea of what to expect as to working conditions in bondage posing. We entered the adjoining room, which was Madame Fantasta's own office.

This room was furnished in the most modern fashion, with several items which were not usually found in such circumstances. There was a pillory in one corner, a heavy post in another and an unadorned pedestal in the third. One wall was of glass and through it could be seen a smaller adjoining room, bare except for



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for chains hanging from the wall and other evidences of more bondage. A bound model was also there, clad in a black satin dress and tied to a huge wooden post. She was gagged and seemed to be barely able to stand on her high-heeled shoes.

"When I'm working," Fantassta explained to me, "I usually have some girls fixed up in my office. When I get tired of paper work, I experiment on them. And for real inspiration, I sometimes have my aides bring some girls into the next room and they work out new forms of restraint, while I watch. You'd be surprised how fast my work goes when there's something like that to amuse me! With a live model in bondage as inspiration, I find that I can add more realism to our editorial content."

I agreed with her that these must be very pleasant working conditions. "Why don't you sit down and look at our galleys for the latest issue?" Fantassta suggested, "while I do a little work on Lucy here. She'll have a very hard time getting down the stairs as she is now, and I can make the necessary changes in just a few minutes.

The next issue of "Fetters and Bonds"



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featured Madame Fantasstta and Lucy on the front cover and the feature article was announced as "A Pictorial Tour of a Bondage Dungeon." When I had finished glancing through the proofs, I saw that Lucy was ready for the trip downstairs. Fantasstta had removed her bondage and strapped her doubled legs together so that she would have to bunny-hop from now on.

"This will make it easier on the stairs," Fantasstta told me, and we started back through the hall again. Knee-length black leather-laced boots encased Lucy's legs and prevented the rough steps from scratching Lucy's limbs, but it sure was grueling and tough on Lucy's knees! Just kneeling on the hard floor with most of her body weight resting on them was making Lucy's knees become red and sore.

It was lunch time by the time we reached the first floor. Lucy had managed to navigate two flights of stairs coming down. Only her mistress's adroit use of her leash had prevented her from a tumble a couple of times.

On the level, however, the dark-haired slave-girl could move more rapidly now and soon we reached the dining room, where we were seated.



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Soon a tea cart came through the door, apparently rolling along under its own power. But then I saw that there was a lovely girl chained on hands and knees beneath it, and it was really her crawling that moved the cart.

Another girl accompanied it in serving chains and she placed our dishes before us. She bowed low and then left with the cart and its "human motor". I was very much pleased when Madame Fantasta told me that, for my benefit, she would have Lucy demonstrate some of the unusual bondage apparatus and gadgets that I was to pose in for the magazine.

An aide appeared at the Madame's signal and proceeded to free Lucy's wrists, so that they could be fixed behind her, tightly encased in black gloves. A neck yoke was tied on her and then a dish of food was brought in and placed in front of Lucy.

"Go ahead and eat, darling," Madame Fantasta told Lucy. She reluctantly leaned forward and began to eat dog-style from the dish.

"That's the way lady-dogs always eat, eh?" laughed Madame Fantasta. The high, unyielding collar about Lucy's throat made her job



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especially difficult, and I could see her body quiver with the strain of her exertions. The bondage around her booted ankles and knees added more strain and stress to the slave-girl model's misery.

It really amazed me how well the girl managed to eat under these difficult conditions. When she finished, the dish was sparkling clean --but Lucy's face was not! The guard washed it roughly with an old rag and then popped her gag back in place before she could complain. Thereafter, she was utterly motionless while Fantasta and I ate our meals slowly and chatted.

A pair of hand and feet stocks was next modeled by Lucy for my benefit. A head-harness held a rubber ball firmly implanted in her mouth. A set of silver manacles were snapped on each arm and then attached to her booted legs.

After lunch, the three of us went out to the office and I watched while the aides there harnessed Lucy to a neck stock. High boots were placed on her legs while her arms were folded and tied in a wing-position, wrists bound at the back and a stout wooden rod lashed along her





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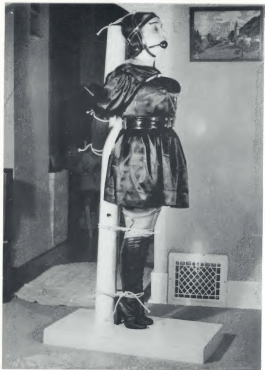
ankles to hold her feet back. A regular cloth-gag was strapped around her head and she was made to kneel.

Lucy's neck was held fast in the heavy neck stock while she was kneeling. This was one bondage position that I would not like to pose for. It was most uncomfortable and arduous on the hapless model's knees and neck muscles.

Even an expert at modeling such as Lucy soon grew tired and exhausted. She lost all control of her body, which grew limp. I was about to mention to Madame Fantassta that the willing but tired model had had just about enough strain, when Madame Fantassta ordered one of her many assistants to change Lucy's bondage somewhat.

From her former cramped kneeling position, Madame Fantassta had Lucy turn around onto her back and once again Lucy's neck was placed inside the thick heavy wooden neck yoke stock. Then Lucy's wrists were bound to her laced booted legs. In addition, Madame Fantassta's aide knotted another long length of rope around Lucy's knees. After securing them lightly, she placed the end of the bondage rope to the neck yoke around Lucy's neck.





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A rubber ball gag that was strapped around Lucy's mouth made it most difficult for her to breathe and swallow. Lying flat on her back in this uncomfortable bondage position was quite tiring and I was now beginning to feel some qualms about posing for Madame Fantasstta in these strenuous bondage gadgets.

Madame Fantasstta must have noticed the slightly worried expression on my face, for she explained, "The model does not have to stay too long in that device, as we just take enough photos of each pose from different angles and then we give the model a chance to rest while we set up the next pose."

This gave me some measure of relief and true to her word, Madame Fantasstta had Lucy released from her torturous bondage position on her back. The bondage model rubbed her sore and chafed neck where it had rubbed against cut out portion of the wooden neck stock.

This gave me an idea of what to expect when it came my turn to be placed onto the wooden stocks. It was not too bad on the model, it seemed, for in a few moments, Lucy had recovered her strength and was ready for her next bondage display in the various bondage





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gadgets for my benefit. Madame Fantasta did not waste much time in placing the willing and eager bondage model in more stringent bondage poses.

In one of them, Lucy was bound to a round wooden pole mounted on a thick wooden platform. Her hands were bound behind her back and her ankles, knees and forearms tied to the round pole. This, I could see, was not as arduous a pose as the previous one that Lucy had undergone.

Still, I could see that the strain was beginning to tell on the still-willing but tired model, for black circles of agony were starting to show under the model's eyes. There was no doubt that the ready and eager bondage model was undergoing great suffering yet, outside of her pained expression, she made no murmur of protest.

The ball gag was removed from time to time to give her a chance to dispose of the saliva welling up in her mouth but Lucy never mentioned her distress. In order to give the model a much-needed rest for the next bondage pose to be shown to me, Madame Fantasta had Lucy bound in a doorway in various poses.



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In one pose, Lucy had to hold up all her weight on her wrists, while in another pose, Lucy was tied to a pipe wedged between the doorway and made to keep her entire body weight on her bound wrists! Her body was suspended in mid-air about six inches off the floor, which put the strain of the difficult and grueling bondage pose on her bound wrists.

It was only this girl's great stamina that kept her from being pulled apart at the shoulder sockets! I marveled at Lucy's wonderful endurance, for I knew that the pose was quite strenuous on the bound model's arms, wrists and entire body.

I was beginning to doubt if the model was really human, for only a girl with super-strength could stand such grueling strain and stress. I wondered if the other girl models bound around the editorial offices were as willing to undergo such arduous poses, for I myself was already beginning to weaken just by looking at them!

Back inside the Castle, my hostess excused herself, saying that she had some work to do in her office. I went into the library and relaxed on a sofa, while I looked through Madame

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Fantassta's excellent collection of bondage literature and photographs. I looked through some early copies of "Women In Distress" which I did not have in my collection, and then through a complete set of bondage magazines in black rubber outfits, entitled "Bondage Parade."

I glanced up and saw a girl in a black rubber outfit, in serving chains, holding out a drink for me. I took it and asked her to stay a while. She dropped to her knees and said to me:-

"Yes, Madame?"

I asked her if she were a volunteer here and she admitted that she was. "But our Mistress is very stringent, you know," she said in a low tone of voice, "and there are some of us who would like to escape from this place." I raised my eyebrows but said nothing.

"Madame Fantassta is insatiable," the girl went on. "Most of us volunteered with the idea that we would be here for only a month, at the most, never expecting that she intended to keep us here permanently. And she is often too severe on us for the minor mistakes we make." She looked up at me with desperate eyes. "I must admit, however, that being here is continually exciting, for being in bondage is



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what I love most. But she must be a little easier on us or we shall all lose out interest in it."

Just then, one of Madame Fantassta's aides popped into the room and heard the girl in the rubber outfit complaining. She called Madame Fantassta right away. The girl barely had time to protest when the aide slapped a rubber gag into her mouth, locked her wrists together behind her and tied her to a chair.

"You will be suitably punished for talking of rebellion, slave!" the aide told the girl harshly. "You will regret speaking to the Madame's guest this way. You know that is forbidden unless given permission to speak to the guest."

Perhaps I sympathized with the unfortunate girl a little, but I felt that it was prudent not to say anything. I returned to my reading and soon another slave-girl, this time gagged and in heavier shackles, came in to remove my empty glass. Thereafter, I was left alone until Madame Fantassta came to take me around again. I saw the girl in rubber, whose name was Celia, lying bound on a bed, patiently awaiting punishment.



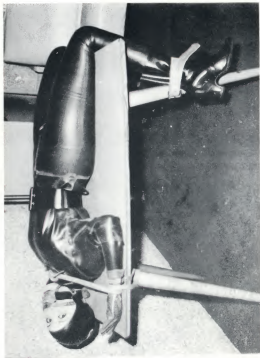
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Madame Fantasstta saw that I was curious and said that this was to make up for the unpleasant incident in the library earlier. "These girls must learn that they cannot even think of rebellion without suffering the consequences," the Madame told me. "After dinner, she will be brought in here as a lesson to our other slave servants and punished. Celia's disciplining will also be viewed by the others as a lesson to them."

When we finished, all of the Castle's household slaves were brought in and a guard entered, leading the cluprit on a short chain. One of Madame Fantasstta's assistants roughly threw Celia across a table, still dressed in rubber, and slapped on a rubber gag around the slave girl's mouth.

Now, even if Celia had the courage to speak out against Madame Fantasstta's ruthless treatment of her bound slaves, this opportunity was denied her because of the rubber gag. Celia looked at her tormentor with reproachful eyes and she seemed to be warning me not to join up with Madame Fantasstta's outfit.

Celia's hands were encased in rubber gloves and then a long leather strap was used to strap



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her to the table top. Then Celia's legs were forced over the edge of the table and a thick leather strap was used to bind her ankles to the table's legs.

The narrow waistline of Celia was constricted further by a wide rubber belt which was buckled as tightly as it could go around her waist. The hard sharp edges of the table must have dug deeply into the fleshy part of Celia's thighs, for she made a grimace of pain as she tried in vain to ease agony.

It was no wonder that the slave girl servants were close to open rebellion against the Madames' harsh treatment. There was no doubt that as an object lesson, Celia's stringent bondage plight was having the opposite effect on the onlooking servants lined up in various stages of bondage. A subdued murmur of protest went up from them.

After leaving Celia thusly bound for a while, Madame Fantastta decided to change Celia's bondage to something less violent but just as rough on the poor unfortunate servant girl being punished. Celia was released temporarily from the table top and after a brief rest, she was bound all over again, this time to a chair.





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Still clad in her hot and uncomfortable rubber costume, Celia's arms were upraised and a long wooden rod was placed in back of her wrists and then Celia's wrists were strapped tightly to the rod. Next Celia's legs were fastened with thick leather straps to the front legs of the chair and an electric heater's rays were turned towards the girl's all-rubber clad body!

This made poor Celia's body temperature rise to an almost unbearable degree. As it was the middle of summer, the heat rays made Celia perspire much more than usual, draining away most of the bound girl's strength.

At last the hapless victim could take it no longer and she fainted, her head hanging downwards in a dead faint. One of the viewing servant girls, bound in a set of sturdy wooden foot and hand stocks, screamed with fright and terror when she saw Celia lose consciousness.

Because of the summer heat, this servant girl named Vivien was attired in a bikini type outfit and even she was sweating more than usual because of the extreme heat generated by the electric heater. Vivien's screams were quickly silenced by one of the Madame's



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assistants who stuffed a silken cloth between the screaming girl's teeth. The bikini-clad servant was in a great state of nervous tension as she struggled vainly to extricate her high-heeled clad feet through the narrow holes in the thick wooden stock.

Her head was firmly encased in the neck stock and there was no way that Vivien could pull her hands free from the neck and hand stocks. Fearfully she moaned softly through the gag as if to apologize for screaming and distracting the Madame.

There was little that the nervous slave servant could do to avoid being disciplined for her outbreak of screaming that unnerved the onlookers still more than the sight of Celia fainting. But this diversion from Celia was only temporary, for the unconscious girl was removed from her arduous bondage and the rubber outfit taken off to give her a little more air to breathe.

This, coupled with a dash of cold water on her face, revived Celia shortly thereafter. She rubbed her numb wrists and ankles to restore some of her lost blood circulation while she lay on the bed in her room.





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Her hair clung to the side of her face, damp and stringy, as she tried to recover her use of limbs, which had been cramped up so long. Once Madame Fantasta saw that Celia had recovered her senses again, she ordered her bound up in rubber once more.

A wide leather gag was strapped around Celia's mouth and her hands once more were tied behind her back. The rubber raincoat which enveloped Celia's body kept her body heat inside and made Celia once again sweat profusely.

Long lengths of clothesline rope were wound around the suffering girl's body as she lay on the bed, silently watching her Mistress's aides bind her up once again very thoroughly. When the aide attached the rope around Celia's booted ankles and took the end of this rope and affixed it to Celia's wrist bondage, it pulled the poor girl's legs upwards towards the wrists, causing her untold agony.

No matter how Celia rolled around on the bed to ease some of the bondage strain, she could never seem to lessen the strain of the taut ropes wound around her body. After a while, she seemed to have given up all hopes



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and ceased her futile struggling to get some of the strain off herself. This pleased Madame Fantassta no end, for this meant that the flame of rebellion was fast dying out of the recalcitrant slave-girl.

Once the slave-girls spirit was broken, it would be much easier to keep the balance of the slave-servants in line. I realized that Madame Fantassta's scheme was working out well as the dominating editoress was obtaining a complete capitulation from Celia.

Still, the Madame did not let Celia rest or recover her full strength. She wanted to be completely sure that neither Celia nor some of the other slave-servants would ever think of rebellion against her in the future. So she did not let up on the unfortunate girl.

Once again Madame Fantassta ordered Celia's bondage changed. They told Celia to get up on her knees. The Madame brought a long yoke-rod and placed it across her shoulders, fixing it firmly in place with a harness of ropes. The ends stuck her wrists to bind them tightly along the rod so that she was completely powerless to use them thereafter. She wriggled her fingers impotently as Madame Fantassta hopped around







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to the other side of the bed in order to make sure that the slave-girls' wrists were secured tightly to the rod. It was going to be the most arduous and exhausting bondage pose I ever saw.

Madame Fantasta each took one end of the rod and helped Celia to move up toward the head of the bed and her gag was changed. There they fitted the long wooden rod into Celia's leg ankle bondage, trapping her in a severe bondage position. Her legs were doubled under her chin to get some rest in a kneeling position.

But her Mistress was not yet finished. She brought a discipline helmet next and slipped it down over Celia's head and buckled it securely in place. After that she was totally blind, gagged and deafened. This was more than I could take and I decided to tell Madame Fantasta that I would not like to work for her the following morning. Thinking of what to tell the Madame made it most difficult for me to fall asleep.

Morning finally came, however, and I was startled out of a fitful doze by someone in the room. I felt someone seize my arms, twist them behind my back and bind ropes around them.





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This was indeed strange, but I did not have reasons for genuine worry yet. Perhaps the Madame was playing a trick on me. So I waited quietly for further developments. Next, I was forced back until I lay on my back against a wooden serving table and felt my legs being freed.

Ropes were tied around my arms and short hobbles were bound around the ankles. Only after this was I able to see my captors. I was shocked to see that my bondage had been administered by Lucy and another strange girl. Lucy was without any chains at all, as was her companion, even though I could tell from the girl's outfit that she was a slave-servant.

"The tables seem to be turned," Lucy told me as I gazed at her with astonished and questioning eyes. Before I could speak, Lucy had popped a cloth gag into my gaping mouth.

"Who is in bondage now?" Lucy asked triumphantly. My eyes must have expressed my amazement and fear, for she went on. "Our revolt has succeeded at last! The Madame will torture us no more and you must join her in captivity. Come on slave, let's see how you like a taste of permanent bondage."







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Lucy turned me over on my stomach, changing the bondage so that I would be in a more vulnerable and discomfoting bondage position. I looked around the room pleadingly, trying to find someone who knew that I had nothing to do with the Madame's torturning them. Here I saw a large number of girls, some still with wristlets or ankle-cuffs on them, gorging themselves on breakfast. It seems that all of the slaves were now free!

As I looked further, I saw that their guards had been taken prisoner and were now being subjected to the same treatment that they had been handing out only yesterday to them. But before I could examine their bondage more closely, I saw my hostess, Madame Fantassta, glaring at them with hatred expressed on her face for being tricked into being tied up.

Madame Fantassta was now a captive, too, and it seemed as though she would be receiving the most concentrated torment of anyone! The Madame was kneeling on the floor in heavy bondage, being forced to eat in dog fashion, just as I had seen Lucy eating the day before. She grunted hoarsely between bites of the slimy much, testifying to the severity of her bonds.







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After eating the vile food, Madame Fantasta was pushed back onto her bed fully clothed in Satin. Her shapely legs were bound together with excruciating tightness by a web of narrow cloth straps. Her arms had been laced into doubling-up style, so that her fingers clenched spasmodically at her shoulders.

The Madame's wrists were bound together at the middle of her back. The top button of her satin blouse had been torn off during her struggle to avoid being tied up. The gag was in use now, of course. Ropes ran between her thighs from in front of her, drawn up to the ropes between her elbows. This was pulled quite taut, which added further to her discomfort as she leaned forward to struggle futilely against her tight bondage, as she strove to break the cloth ropes around her body.

Then one of the girls removed my gag. When I could speak again, I noticed to my horror that Lucy had gotten a flash camera and was busy taking pictures of us. She saw my look of consternation and laughed gaily.

"We are taking over "Fetters and Bond" and you two will be featured this month--and every month," Lucy told us.





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"But---" I said weakly, "You can't! I'll be missed--the police will be here before long---" At this point, Lucy motioned to another ex-slave behind me and I found myself fitted with a fiendishly tight gag once more, preventing any more questions from me.

"Don't worry," Lucy said in a stern voice. "We are mostly interested in getting even with Madame Fantasta. No one will come looking for you, anyhow."

I could now feel my strength drain out of me. I was probably doomed to bondage here for a long, long time, together with Madame Fantasta, until the ex-slave girls had their fill of wreaking revenge on her for being harsh on them.

A worried expression came over the Madame's face as she heard Lucy's threats. She knew that they had a perfect right to get even with her. Lying helplessly bound on the bed, Madame Fantasta, the satin-clad editoress flinched with fright.

Lucy snapped a picture of us bound like that and then she told us to bow to her. This meant leaning forward to touch our foreheads





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to the floor. It involved considerable strain--especially the ropes digging into our flesh.

After the photos were taken of Madame Fantassta bowing to her ex-slaves and servants, they threw her back onto the bed, humiliated and shamed. More photos were then taken of the Madame in this position before allowing her to get up.

Then, while Lucy and the two girls who had been punished last night led Madame Fantassta and me away, the other girls turned back to the ex-guards, who were being subjected to some pretty rough treatment themselves. I did not have a chance to see what was happening to them, though, for all my attention was concentrated on following our new captors without falling.

I was hoping for my gag to be removed so that I could tell them that I was not really a friend of Madame Fantassta's but Lucy and her crew were too busy punishing the Madame to pay any attention to me.

My break came when Lucy searched my pocketbook and discovered Madame Fantassta's invitation to me to come to the office to pose. This letter cleared me and I was freed.

THE END

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